

Only Dreaming

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Summary: Sometimes, the woman of your dreams really does exist.

(Contains very VERY slight sexual references. Well, really only one or two little ones)

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>A short story by Starlit007<br>Disclaimer: George Lucas owns my favorite people in da whole wide world. I promise to put them back when I'm done, sir! And I won't even take them out of the box! Well, at least not when you're looking \*snicker\*

>Dedicated to my friend, who couldn't stop ranting about Mara Jade being unworthy of Luke's attentions. This is for you, kiddo. Like I said, redheads rule but there's always the one who has to try and kill our dream man and it just ruins the reputations of the whole lot of us. (But I still like Mara, so  
nya)<br>~~~~~

><br> Luke watched his sister and brother-in-law with a warm smile as they seemed to float across the floor. For a former scoundrel and a pissy princess, they made one cute couple. He really was happy for them, even if he was a bit jealous. His love life existed only in his most secret dreams...dreams that happened more often than not as the weeks went by. The beautiful woman, her pale face streaked with dirt and blood, bright eyes looking into his with the purest of love shining in their depths, wrapping her slender arms around him, exploring his mouth with her tongue, his hands roaving over her body, letting him love her until the dream would vanish with the morning. Half the time he'd soil the bed like a teenager, but it really didn't matter. He often felt as though she was real, tangible, standing with him durring various times of the day, feather-light hands caressing his face durring long meetings, pale rose lips kissing the nape of his neck as he tried to keep a cool facade up to hide his sudden arousal. Thank goodness for little known uses of the Force or someone would have noticed by now.

> When Leia and Han had finished their traditional first dance, the

happy couple joined Luke on the sidelines, watching the guests at the wedding reception dance and be merry. Luke turned to talk to Wedge for a moment and Han slipped away for a moment to grab some champagne for them. He returned shortly, not with champagne, but with a young woman who clearly looked uncomfortable in the tight, formal dress and oppressive heels. <br> "Leia, Luke, there's someone I want you to meet. This is Tamsen Creek, an old friend of mine from Tatooine. Tam, this is Luke Skywalker, and my wife, Leia Organa Solo."

> "Hello Tamsen. It's nice to meet you." Leia said pleasantly. Tam smiled and pushed a red curl behind her ear, her blue eyes sparkling. <br> "It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Leia. Han speaks of nothing else whenever he decides to call."

> Luke, who hadn't noticed the woman's arrival, turned when he heard Han's introduction and stared in shock. When Tam met his gaze, she only smiled, took a step closer to him, and held out her hand. <br> "So, we finally meet." he said, awestruck, and took her hand in his. She was even more perfect in person than she was in his dreams.

> "Yes," she whispered, giving him the same look of love that she did every time they met in their dreams. "Finally." <br> "I don't suppose you'd care to dance?" Luke asked, ignoring the surprised and suspicious looks from Han and Leia. Tam smiled and Luke had to remind himself to breathe again.

> "I thought you'd never ask." Smiling back at her, Luke led Tam out to the dance floor, leaving his shocked sister and brother-in-law behind.<br>

>~\*~The End~\*~ <p><p>

End  
file.